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ONE DINING-ROOM.

BY ALICE CHITTENDEN.



LIKE the spider's parlor, "It is the prettiest ever seen," although in architecture it does not differ materially from thousands of other dining-rooms. In one respect—that of location—it resembles the hanging gardens of Babylon. It is at the very top of a large apartment house in up-town New York. On the one side a row of brownstone houses reaches to the very gates of Central Park—on the other a line of the same prison-like structures extends to the banks of the Hudson, or at least as near to the banks as civilization is permitted to destroy God's handiwork.

great city where half of the population seem to live in a moving van.

True, this made their search for a flat a somewhat more prolonging and tedious one, and when found I doubt if other people would not have discovered some excuse for moving. Beth interviewed the landlord, and the soft brown eyes aided, it must be confessed, by the promise of a three years lease, soon hypnotised that usually uncompliant individual into the promise of a new cartridge paper on the walls of the dining-room.

The one large window by which this room was lighted possessed two attractions—an unobstructed view across two whole blocks whose huge granite boulders had as yet escaped the desecrating hand of a "contractor and builder," and under this window the unusual adjunct of a wide iron balcony, which did not give access to a fire escape. In reckoning up the advantages of her little flat, too, Beth always made much of the fact that there was a window seat here—actually wide enough to



TABLE AND STOOLS IN THE LOUIS XV. STYLE. DESIGNED BY H. KIRCHMAYR, MUNICH.

It is one of the ironies of fate that the pair of scribblers who have made this eyrie their home should have been condemned to pass their days in the city, for they are journalists, bred, not born. Tom, having certainly been intended for a farmer, and Beth, although the busiest little woman in a busy city, is, by nature, she is wont to declare a gypsy or a tramp.

But there is one thing in which they have made their home to differ from that of others. They have persisted from the first in regarding it as a home, and not merely as a place in which to stay for six months or a year. Consequently there is an air of permanence about it that is refreshing to find in a

curl herself up on with cushions and pillows and the last new novel, but then Beth had a pretty way of always making much of the little things.

In the little balcony spoken of above our "born farmer" saw brave possibilities. The afternoon sun beamed in for two or three hours in a shy sort of way as became a city sun, used to being shut out, if not by brick and mortar then by damask or velours. "Here," said Tom, "we will set up our vine and fig tree, metaphorically speaking."

So, not at all with the Pharaical intent of first making clean the outside, but because it was early April when it be-



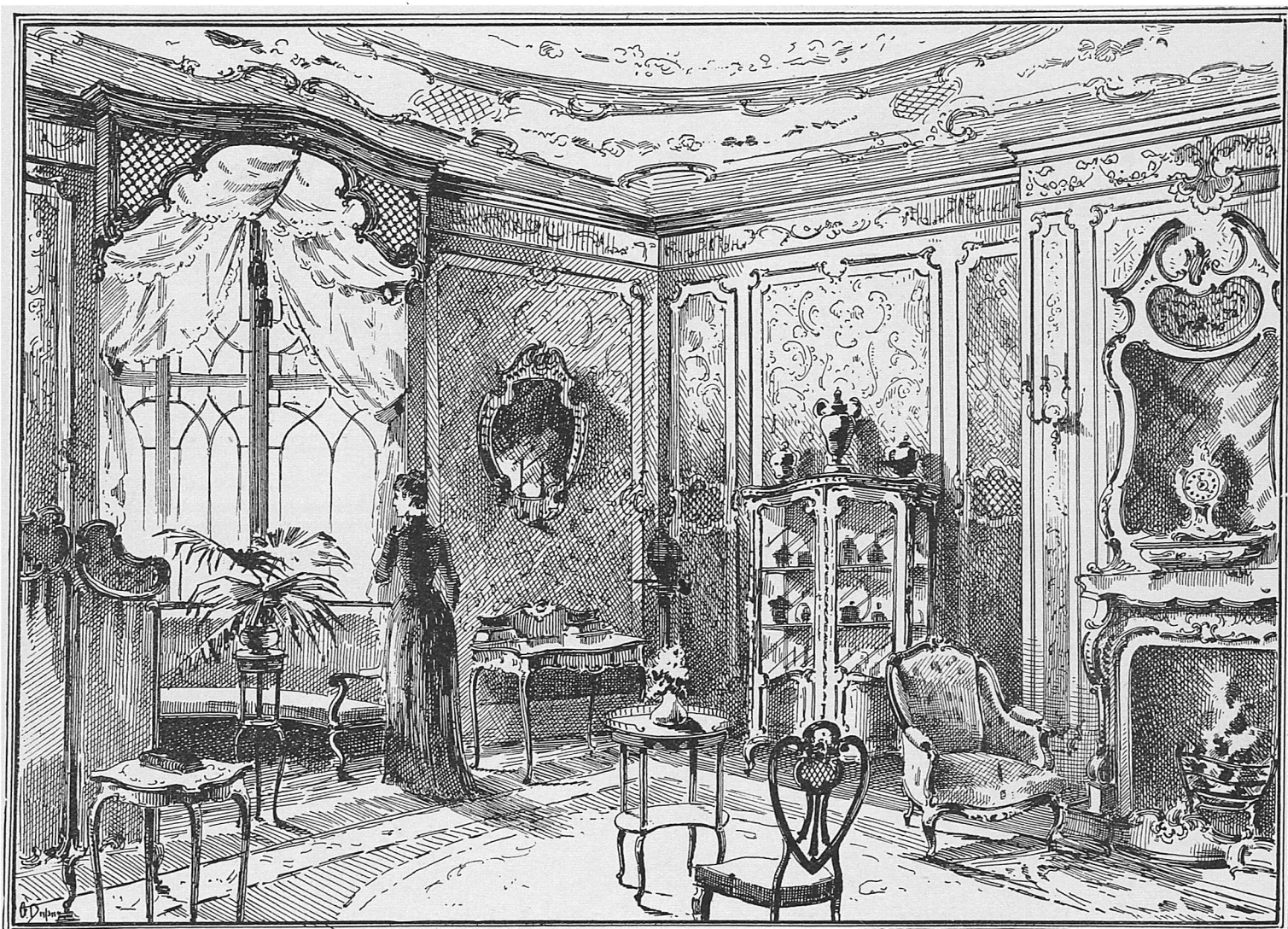
# THE DECORATOR AND FURNISHER.

comes gardeners to bestir themselves, Tom began with this balcony garden. A row of starch boxes stained brown, with the corners first bound with bits of tin nailed on to prevent them from warping apart, were placed all around the balcony just inside the railing, filled with earth and bits of broken pots for drainage and planted with nasturtiums. Pieces of broken window glass were laid over, forming miniature hotbeds in which the seeds rooted and sprouted gratefully. Inside of these again were placed Beth's rubber plant and two palms, with two or more hardy scarlet geraniums of the varieties called by florists General Grant and General Sheridan. Right against the window was stood a long, narrow box, made stout and firm with extra screws and strips of tin in which our farmer planted dusty miller, rose geraniums, a German ivy, whose glossy leaves and luxuriant pink blossoms later on evidenced the wisdom of his choice, and a number of roots of ferns brought from the Fordham woods, roots from which the tiny, fuzzy fronds had just

which led into their conservatory, as Beth now began to call, with a funny little assumed air of importance, this balcony which more practical folk might have filled with bottles of milk and other unsightly but material evidences of housekeeping. However a brass pole was bracketed up and over this was hung a drapery of pale green cheese cloth lined with old rose, and edged with a little silk tassel fringe of the two colors which gave a softness of outline to the upper part of the window, obstructing neither air, sun nor the view of the church two blocks distant, from which exquisite chimes were pealed forth morning and evening.

Cushions of old rose velours filled the window seat. Against the wall stood a quaint old mahogany desk, Beth's heirloom from some great-aunt, at which the owner indited the stories and graceful fancies that filled her pretty head.

The transom (that awful seal of the city flat of a certain grade) over the door leading into the private hall, was removed



A LOUIS XV. PARLOR. DRAWN BY G. DUPUY.

begun to start, and which later on developed into graceful maiden hair, or broad dark or feathery, pale green ferns, thriving as luxuriantly in the native soil, in which Tom had planted them, as if they were still nestling at the foot of some giant oak.

Perhaps no three by four garden has ever given more pleasure to its possessors than did this. Every new leaf and blossom was watched for and noted, and made a matter of special rejoicing.

And now there seemed not much to do with the rest of the room. The appalling vividness of the cherry stained woodwork had been toned down by the soft greenish gray cartridge paper, and the ceiling paper of maiden-hair ferns on a faint cream ground gave quite a pastoral air. In good truth this misplaced and unpractical pair had not much money to lavish on luxurious surroundings. No curtains were wanted at the window

and spindle work fitted in its place by Tom, who purchased the material for a merely nominal sum at a manufactory. It was stained cherry to correspond with the woodwork, the door was taken from its hinges and curtains of old rose velours hung in its place.

Over the rather pretty cabinet mantel, with its mirror and side brackets, was placed a pretty array of blue china with some bits of real old delft that had belonged to the maiden great-aunt. On a narrow shelf over the remaining door stood more jugs and vases not remarkable for anything except color and gracefulness of design. It was only a Kensington rug that covered the mahogany stained floor, but the rug was well chosen in greenish grays and warm old reds.

The cheap bronzed "summer piece" was removed from the fireplace, the bricks painted a dark red and a pair of old and-irons, on which logs were piled, were cosily installed. A sham

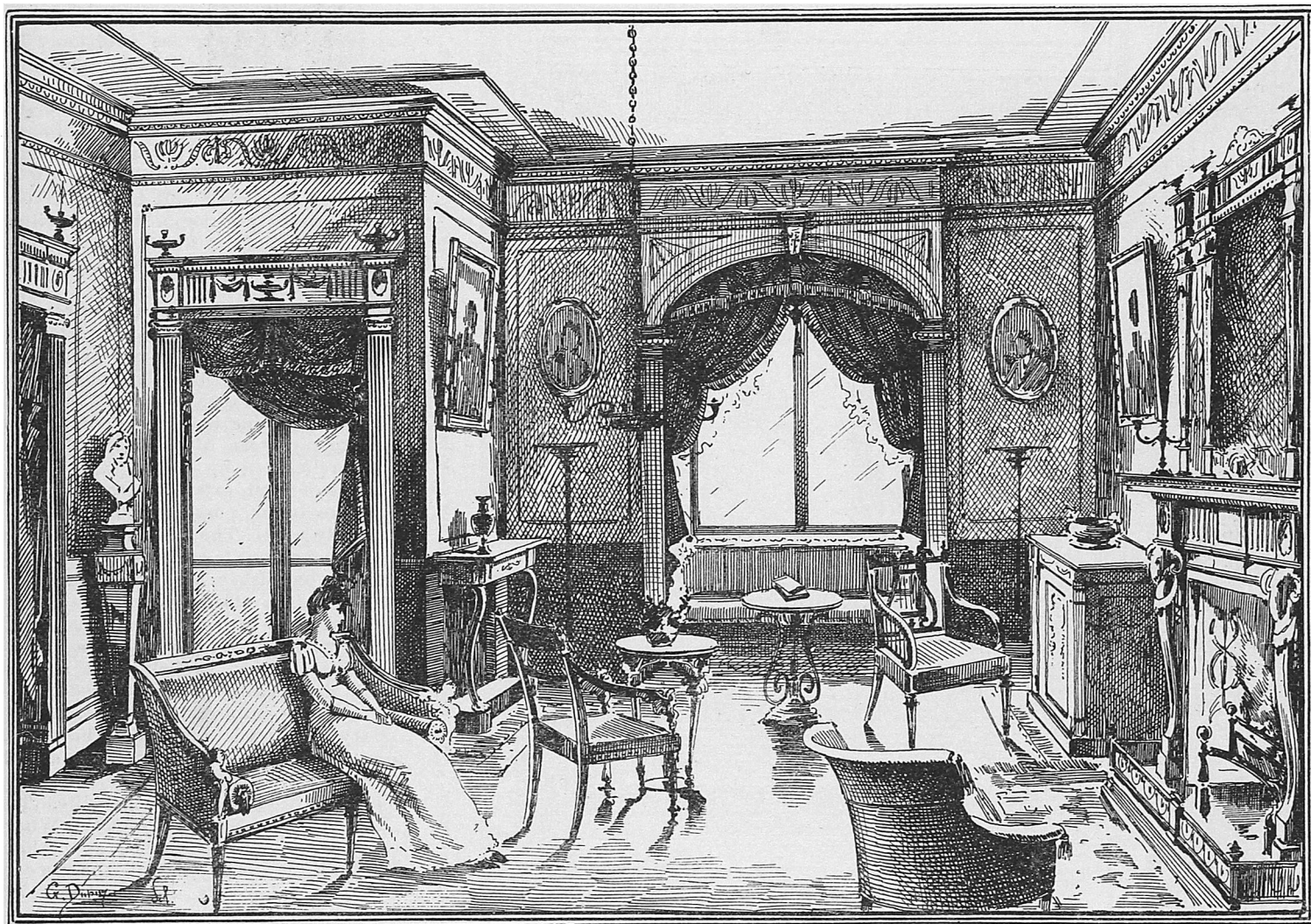
# THE DECORATOR AND FURNISHER.

arrangement at the best, but a very pardonable and pleasant sham. Then, to carry out this harmless deceit, Tom fitted a board two feet square over the ridiculous little steam heater which occupied, without adorning, one corner of the room, and over this flung a piece of Eastern looking but inexpensive drapery, placing on the pedestal thus formed a statuette of the lithe-limbed, muscular Boar Hunter. In winter, when heat might be needed, the drapery could be removed, but it never was, the normal temperature of the ordinary steam-heated apartment being a tropical one.

Other simple devices for comfort and beauty were added from time to time. One was the building of a wide, low bench of rough boards, along the side of the room, where people with less taste and more money would have stood a showy sideboard. This they covered with a fur rug in tawny brown with a big pillow standing sentinel at either end. The accommodating "dresser" did duty for a sideboard.

grotesque and imaginary, that may not have its resemblance or prototype either in the physical or spiritual universe, and the further the artist departs from the natural form of the object, the nearer he approaches the symbol or spirit.

THE end of the hall may be converted into the cosiest of corners, just adapted for a quiet chat. This is arranged by fitting into the corner a triangular settee, which a carpenter can make of the same wood in which the hall is finished. Then you can cover the seat with down cushions, covered with some pretty dark Japanese silk; the back should also be cushioned as far up as the head will reach when one is seated. Over this, again you may have two panels of canvas, tinted pale green and painted with bunches of pink clover, or any other motive you desire, and tacked with gilt headed nails to the woodwork. Over the panels have a shelf just wide enough to hold a vase,



AN EMPIRE PARLOR. DRAWN BY G. DUPUY.

There were no painted plush banners or tidies or lace lamp shades or other millinery in this room and no pictures either; the few good etchings and photographs which they owned were hung in the little parlor. There was an Indian punkah on the walls, and some bamboo brackets, but flowers and china were the principal decoration.

After all it is the home spirit that makes a home. Without it a palace would be but a bare abode, with it you may illumine a garret—or a New York flat.

## DECORATIVE NOTES.

INVENTIONAL ornament has been defined as the work of the imagination, or creative instinct, without analogy to the productions of nature. This definition is restricted in its nature, however, because there is no conception of the brain, however

a plaque, and a small panel, or any other bric-a-brac. Have an odd table, with books, etc., and here is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

A HANDSOME room has an alcove with a separate ceiling. The main ceiling is frescoed in sky effects, there being a central circular panel, with birds flying across it, and others holding up a basket of flowers, which forms a centerpiece from which depends the chandelier. The general style of the panel is in Pompeian effect, enriched with garlands of flowers. There is a raised paper frieze in the Rococo style, consisting of scrolls and fretwork, decorated in blue green enameled effects. The walls are stenciled with a motive resembling silk brocade, in olive grey, on a ground blending from brownish pink at the skirting to a pale pink at the frieze. The ceiling of the alcove is a panel with sky effects, in the center of which there is a flight of winged heads of Cupids.